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THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

A POEM.

By Mr. WODHULL.

K

Man over Man
He made not Lord, ſuch empire to Himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free. MILTON.

At poſtquam exui Æqualitas, *et pro modeſtiâ ac pudore, ambitio et vis incedebat, provenere Dominationes, multoſque apud populos æternum manſere.* TACITUS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

THERE was a time when from thoſe hapleſs ſchools,
Where Science droops, and penſion'd Litchfield rules,
Inhaling faction, with the Tory race
On Right Divine, Hereditary Grace,
Much did I waver, much did I unite
The names of Patriot, and of Jacobite:

Thanks to my friendly ſtars thoſe days are o'er,
And now, not meanly pinion'd as before,
Untaught to bend the pliant knee, and join
The ſlaves, who flock to Grandeur's tinſel ſhrine,
Kindling at thy perpetual flame the brand
Of honeſt Satire, with officious hand
To thee, O Truth, I conſecrate the blaze;—
Receive, exalt, invigorate my lays.

The ſtudious Pilgrim, as his bare feet tread
O'er holy Carmel! with religious dread,
If, ſunk in mould'ring rubbiſh, he deſcries
Where ſome old fane, or maſſive altar lies,
Kneeling adores it with a ſtedfaſt gaze,
And ruminates the works of mightier days,
Feaſts his rapt ſoul on pure devotion's fires,
And ſlowly from the much-lov'd ſpot retires.
Led by dark Legend on from clime to clime
Amid th' hiſtoric ravages of Time,

Thus the bold Muſe aſſerts her liberal plan
To mark the genuine privilege of man,
To prove how Fiction, and how Fact agree,
That God was juſt, and all Mankind were free.

From Jura's mount, from thoſe inclement ſkies,
(Where pale and wan Helvetia's Genius lies,
His arms revers'd, his ſhield thrown idly by,
To note the ſad decays of Liberty;)
Come ſtern Philoſophy,—that garb of woe
Befits thee moſt, majeſtically ſlow
Thy gait, while rais'd aloof thy red right hand
Waves in the gale Reſentment's flaming brand,
Such as, from Seine's proud banks when Rouſſeau fled,
Thy Vengeance hurl'd at mitred Beaumont's head:
Beneath thy auſpices in Albion's plain
While Juſtice triumphs in a George's reign,
Alone, yet ſcorning Caution's coward maſk,
Will I encounter this advent'rous taſk;

Tho'

Tho' far too ſanguine to conceal their rage,
My Foes already curſe each opening page,
And Friends, half ſhrinking at ſo rude a teſt,
Glance o'er my title, and forſwear the reſt.

Back to Creation's infancy, when Earth
Few revolutions dated from it's birth,
My theme invites:—poor Exile doom'd to rove
Far from the ſweets of Eden's happy grove
Behold our firſt Progenitor;—his race
Plung'd in a lineal ſeries of diſgrace,
Become a prey from that ill-fated hour
To pain, diſeaſe, and death's remorſeleſs power.

Some evils ſoon attain'd their utmoſt prime,
To perfect others was a work of time.
Perhaps in thoſe rude ages, when no law
Kept the warm paſſions of mankind in awe,
Rapine was frequent; from his neighbour's fold
Some proud Oppreſſor, of gigantick mold,

His

His fleecy charge, his only treaſure bore,
And left the Shepherd weltering in his gore:
Yet then no dire neceſſity had made
Murder a ſyſtem, war a needful trade;
No Frederick, foe to nature and to man,
Juſtice his prètext, tyranny his plan,
Born every right of nations to betray,
O'er Leipzick's walls had forc'd his deſperate way;
Coarſe was their food, their ſordid dwelling ſmall,
Such was the lot of one, the lot of all:
In ſome deep vale their ſhapeleſs altar ſtood
Rais'd with the caſual turf, or unhewn wood;
Thither, by grateful adoration taught,
On ſome choice feſtival the Ruſtic brought
A decent offering from his little ſtock,
Fruits of the ground, or firſtlings of his flock:
No temple rear'd its fretted roof on high,
No golden cenſer's blaze perfum'd the ſky,
No vain High-Prieſt with ſurly grandeur trod,
As if to ſhame the meanneſs of his God.

When,

When, like the Titans, earth's rebellious Crew
To heav'n's high bulwarks raiſed their hoſtile view,
In vain, their boaſtful arrogance to quell
Their Leaders were diſpers'd, their turret fell;
On Shinar's plains *Deſpotic Power* unfurl'd
Her banner, and to vex the groaning world
From ſhore to ſhore the ſtrange contagion ran;
Fraternal concord ceas'd, and *Monarchy* began.

Thus while the ſtorms in hollow caverns ſleep,
And ſcarce a zephyr fans the quiet deep,
Suddenly from the rock's impending brow
A cumbrous fragment on the tide below
Comes ruſhing downwards; boils the vaſt profound,
Waves upon waves daſh'd on the beach reſound.

Deteſted Hunter! Nimrod led the way,
War was his ſavage paſtime, man his prey;
For brutal ſtrength by trembling vaſſals fear'd
The walls of ancient Babylon he rear'd:

In

In his high dome, with crayons rude portray'd,
The Warrior's dread atchievements were diſplay'd;
Here pierc'd with darts th' expiring tyger lay,
There ruſh'd embattled hoſts in firm array;
There in his car the thickeſt ranks he broke,
And nations yielded to his galling yoke.

Such empire's origin:—with horrid yell
From the black confines of his native hell
Emerg'd the Demon of tyrannic pride,
And Vice came onward with a larger ſtride:
Ungrateful were the taſk, and endleſs toil
To trace its progreſs thro' each diſtant ſoil
Fertile of Tyrants. Craft with Proweſs join'd
Soon tam'd the generous fierceneſs of mankind.
Dominion firſt was gain'd by lawleſs might;
The claim of *long hereditary right*
Succeeded; when to varniſh o'er each flaw,
And bow the world with ſuperſtitious awe,

The Prieſts dreſs'd up ſome bugbear of their own,
Call'd him a King, and plac'd him on a throne;
Then caught the weakneſs of thoſe darker times,
And dragg'd in Heav'n to ſanctify his crimes.

Search well its inmoſt ſource, and tell whence ſprings
This ſacred claim of Iſrael's vaunted Kings.
When that audacious Crew renounc'd their God,
Deſpis'd his mercies, brav'd his heavieſt rod;
And for his Patronage too mighty grown
Set up a little Idol of their own:
Say did their Prophet urge Saul's Right Divine? —
His incenſe blaz'd not at ſo vile a Shrine.
Or did ſome ill in myſtic leaves foretold,
And chronicled by graveſt ſeers of old,
While on deluſive hopes they fondly built,
O'erwhelm them with involuntary guilt?
No; 'twas their baffled pride whoſe laſt reſource
Dragg'd this perdition on their heads by force.

From that black period each intenſer crime,
That brands with infamy its parent clime,
Aſſail'd the palace, overſpread the land,
And in their temple took its guilty ſtand.

The ſeat of Chemoſh by the purple vine
Was planted, and at Moloch's brazen ſhrine
As with inhuman zeal the trembling ſire
Conſign'd his ſhrieking Infants to the fire,
While with loud din their hideous cymbals rung
His Worſhippers obſcene their uncouth orgies ſung.

Belief in various ſenſes underſtood
Is man's ſevereſt curſe or ſureſt good.
Thus in the meads where hallow'd Jordan glides
Enriching Paleſtine with copious tides,
Where ſprings the branching palm, where ſtreams the oil,
Where fruitful vineyards bleſs the peaſant's toil;
Deep in the heart of Siddim's odious vale
Impregnating with death each tainted gale

The black Aſphaltes from its ſlimy bed
Sees pitchy clouds, ſulphureous vapours, ſpread.

Let Mecca tell, big with aſpiring ſchemes,
Seraphic trances, counterfeited dreams,
How ſubtle Mahomet of ſervile birth
Diffus'd his tenets through th' aſtoniſh'd earth,
By fire and ſword the Nations undeceiv'd
Confeſs'd their former errors, and believ'd.

In Judah's ſoil the tree of knowledge grew,
Whoſe fruit unſound, yet ſpecious to the view,
Entruſted to the treach'rous Levites' care,
Fell, ere it ripen'd in that baleful air;
Relentleſs Cowards! with a brutal hand
Urging their fraudful progreſs thro' the land,
O'er nature's parting agonies they trod,
And ſlaughter'd millions in the name of God,
Each right of arms infringing, nor forbore
To dip their reeking blades in infant gore;

Till mighty conſcience, whoſe prevailing call
Opes the dread volume of her laws to all,
Bewail'd them darken'd by ſo ſtrong a taint,
That none diſcern'd the villain from the ſaint.

Far other fame the Chriſtian doctrine gain'd,
From Heaven tranſmitted, and by Heaven maintain'd,
With ſcepter'd arrogance to vex the earth,
Yet moſt thoſe realms which gave his grandeur birth,
To make divided Faith and Virtue foes,
On its firm baſe no ſecond David roſe:
Yet from this pure and unpolluted ſource
Ere long, the ſtreams in a perverted courſe
Ran foul: Fanatics ſoon began to call
Merit a ſound, Religion all in all;
Infuriate Prieſts the bonds of nature tore,
And Perſecution drench'd the world with gore.
Arm'd with the Croſs o'er Aſia's ravag'd lands,
See ſainted Champions pour their deſperate bands,

A dreaming Hermit leads them, and aloud
Preaches ſalvation to the frantic crowd:
Zeal whets the poniard, and with ruthleſs joy
They come, they ſack, they raviſh, they deſtroy.

The Muſe rejecting this hiſtoric draught
With bitter truths, ſtrict teſtimonies fraught,
Its civil diſcords, and religious ſtrife
O'erlooks, to take a fairer view of life;
Borne on the rapid wings of Thought ſhe flies,
Opes new creations, ſeeks for other ſkies,
Revolving all, that ſportive Ovid told
Of cloudleſs ſuns, of ages wing'd with gold,
Thoſe ages, when in Peneus' chearful grove
Man knew no ſorrows, no diſeaſe but Love;
When Nature's ſelf was unconſtrain'd and young,
And Bards rang'd lawleſs as the Gods they ſung.

Ye happier times of innocence and truth,
Pleaſing inſtructors of my thoughtleſs youth,

When

When none the Image of his God belied,
No Minions crouch'd beneath a Sultan's pride,
No wealth enſnar'd, no poverty diſtreſs'd,
No Ruffians plunder'd, and no Kings oppreſs'd;
Tho' doom'd to grovel in a baſer age
Will I from memory's enchanting page
Retrace your ſcatter'd annals. — When of old
Arcadia's peaceful Shepherds uncontrol'd
Their ranging flocks thro' boundleſs paſtures drove,
Or tun'd their pipes beneath the myrtle grove,
Their laws on brazen tablets unimpreſt
Were deeply grav'd on each ingenuous breaſt,
No proud Vicegerent of Aſtrea reign'd,
Aſtrea's ſelf her own decrees maintain'd.

Books, uſeleſs lumber, yet in embryo ſlept,
No Damon rav'd in rhime, no Delia wept;
Nor had, nor needed they the Caſuiſt's page;
Plain were the duties of that ſimpler age:

For Nature beſt of mothers pleas'd to teach
Virtues no modern theoriſt can reach;
With characters indelible, on high
Blazon'd her ſyſtem of *Equality*.

Alas! how gladly would Illuſion's beam
For ever vibrate on this glittering theme:
Here let me finiſh; nor, my ſoul to wring,
From Fable's ſweets proceed to Fable's ſting:
I muſt;—theſe fairy dreams have had their ſpace,
And now the dreadful ſequel claims a place.
Like the preſumptuous Mariner, whoſe ſails
Wafted from port with ſoft Eteſian gales,
Urge his o'erweening eagerneſs to brave
Without a Pilot the perfidious wave,
Soon o'er whoſe bark th' impetuous tempeſts ſweep,
And bury all his fortunes in the deep:
Seduc'd by Fancy's charms amidſt a grove
Of pleaſing errors have I dar'd to rove,

Till,

Till, half deſponding, comfortleſs, aghaſt,
I but ſurvey bright Freedom's form at laſt,
To ſee her periſh by as ſure a wound
Mid theſe enchantments, as on vulgar ground.

Fond Epimetheus! when thy luckleſs hand
Scatter'd Pandora's curſes o'er the land,
Forth from the caſket glittering to the view
Scepters, and crowns, deluſive trumpery, flew;
Man ey'd the bait, and with an ideot joy
Eagerly ruſh'd to ſnatch the gilded toy:
Freedom thenceforth, and Peace, and Juſtice fled,
Infernal Diſcord rear'd her ſnaky head
From blackeſt Erebus, whoſe ſcorpions hurl'd
By dread Oppreſſion curb'd a wretched world;
Too late remorſe congeal'd each guilty ſoul,
And forky lightnings flaſh'd from pole to pole.

Wheree'er we ſearch the vaſt inſtructive page
Of Fact, or Fiction, we in every age

See Saints impal'd and tortur'd at the ſtake
Thro' fervent zeal and for Religion's ſake;
Murders and ſorceries, and Men, whoſe heart
Ne'er prompted one humane, one generous part,
While ſome vain Mortal arbiter of ill
Govern'd the reſt; at whoſe imperious will
Millions of ſlaughter'd Heroes bit the duſt
To ſooth a Tyrant's pride, a Strumpet's luſt;
Till loathing both the preſent, and the paſt,
We learn this melancholy truth at laſt;
" On Life's rough ſea by ſtormy paſſions toſt
" Freedom, and Virtue were together loſt."

Shame on our vaunted reaſon, when we find
No creature elſe ſo ſenſeleſs, and ſo blind;
The Brutes indeed to force ſuperior yield,
And leave the ſtrongeſt maſter of the field,
Yet this imperial claim to none deſcends,
With the poſſeſſor's ſtrength his title ends;

Nor

Nor, if their enterprizing Leader calls,
Do they forſake their well-repleniſhed ſtalls,
And with heroic frenzy riſk their life,
Fomenting ſome unneceſſary Strife.
Unfall'n, and uncorrupted, they fulfill
Their nature's end, their mighty Maker's will:
Stoop then ye ſons of reaſon, ſtoop, and own
The verieſt beaſt more worthy of a throne.

The Chain, whoſe two Extremities unite,
Preſenting ſtill a middle to our ſight,
Where link by link in fruitleſs ſearch we tend
Yet find not a beginning, or an end,
Talk as we pleaſe, diſſemble how we can,
Preſents a juſt ſimilitude of Man;
Who, in each ſtate of life conſtrain'd to own
A ſtrict dependance, uſeleſs when alone,
Cleaves tho' a Monarch to his native dung,
And venerates the ſoil, from whence he ſprung.

View firſt the Slave, whom his unhappy fate
In galling fetters to ſome foreign ſtate
Tears from his deareſt home; there baſely ſold
By thoſe, who truck humanity for gold,
Abus'd, neglected, ſinking with diſtreſs,
When all is dark, and Hope alone can bleſs;
Ev'n then thro' Life's dim curtain he deſcries
Some happier regions, and ſerener ſkies,
Where Commerce never rears her impious head,
No Fiends approach, no Miſſionaries tread.

Next him the Peaſant, whoſe inceſſant toil,
Harſly requited, tills the rugged ſoil,
Preſs'd by the barbarous inſults of the great,
The fooliſh prodigality of ſtate:
Yet his low couch no thorny cares moleſt,
His even ſpirits yield unbroken reſt.

Thoſe reſtleſs Beings next in order place,
Whoſe motley ſtations wear a doubtful face,

Who

Who dragg'd by Fortune into Middle Life,
That vortex of malevolence and ſtrife,
Envying the great, and ſcoffing at the mean,
Or ſwoll'n with pride, or waſted with chagrin,
Like Mahomet's unſettled aſhes, dwell
Midway ſuſpended between Heav'n and Hell.

Clad with thoſe Titles antient Juſtice gave
To grace the wiſe, the generous and the brave,
O'er theſe aſcend the Sycophants of power,
The maſter's tools, the minions of an hour.

Laſt of the Group, to cloſe this irkſome ſcene,
Childiſhly great, and eminently mean,
Behold the Monarch, whoſe exalted throne,
Dupes to their fear, his Eaſtern Vaſſals own;
When by the toil, which earns the Hind's hard bread,
His ſplendor is maintain'd, his lux'ry fed;
Is not a wretch like *this*, to either ſide
Of Life's perverſe extremities allied?

Here

Here to its ſource the line revolving tends,
Here cloſe the points, and here the circle ends.

When luſt, when rapine, when ungovern'd rage
Strongly characteris'd the iron age;
Law ſoon became a neceſſary ill,
Vice edg'd the ſword, and gave it force to kill;
Monarchs we ſee were then at firſt deſign'd
A general good, a bleſſing unconfin'd.
For public welfare, not for private ends
From ſire to ſon the regal crown deſcends.
When Kings ſupport afflicted Virtue's cauſe,
Curb potent Vice, and vindicate the laws,
Our high reſpect deſervedly they ſhare,
Not for themſelves, but for the truſt they bear.

As on the ſlippery pinacle they ſtand
Of brittle grandeur, with rapacious hand
If they aſſume unlimited domain,
And madly govern with perverted rein

The vaſt Machine of empire; to the ſkies
Aſcend the widow's tears, the orphan's cries;
A Cato's ſpirit, or a Cicero's tongue
With keen reſentment animates the throng;
Some Hampden hears his gaſping country's groan,
And in juſt vengeance ſhakes a guilty throne.

Should inauſpicious Fortune tear away
From Virtue's graſp the triumphs of a day,
Should Tyranny by long ſucceſs grown great,
Cruſh the defenceleſs victims of her hate,
Grim Superſtition with an haggard eye
Points to the ſpoils, and rears her torch on high,
From regal conqueſt her own inference draws,
And blends with that of Heav'n its dearer cauſe.

Blind to the treach'rous ſnare, when Fate decreed,
That Troy ſhould periſh by the wooden ſteed;
The reſt ſtood fix'd with heſitating fear
While bold Laocoon hurl'd his forceful ſpear

Againſt

Againſt the monſter, from whoſe knotty ſide
Reſounding arms, and Greecian ſhrieks replied:
Stung by a ſnake the pious Prieſt expir'd,
While Folly gaz'd, and Ignorance admir'd;
This moral curb'd th' infatuated crew —
" The ſacrilegious wretch Minerva ſlew."

When virtuous * Greville thus in civil ſtrife
Crown'd with that honeſt pray'r his cloſing life;
Can we unmov'd with indignation bear
To ſee grave Clarendon, whoſe ſtile, whoſe air,
'Twixt tortur'd facts, and Scripture-phraſes quaint
Shews half the royaliſt, and half the ſaint,
Stamp on his aſhes with a dotard's pride,
And execrate the cauſe, for which he died?

Ye fields of Naſeby, where the thund'ring hand
Of Freedom greatly proſper'd; where that band

* Lord Brooke, ſee Clarendon's Hiſtory.

Of

Of hardy Patriots reſolutely bore,
Thro' ſtorms of horror, and thro' ſeas of gore
Their country's charter, ſnatch'd in happieſt hour
From Sacerdotal wrath, and Kingly power:
Oft as your tow'rs, on which dread Vengeance wrote
Strong characters, and blaſted where they ſmote,
In youth's gay ſeaſon fix'd my roving eye,
How did I hail that ſcene of victory!
Ev'n now methinks I ſee brave Fairfax tread
Th' enſanguin'd plain;—to grace the warrior's head
From Fame's unſullied grove let Virtue bring
Thoſe laurels green with everlaſting ſpring:
Illuſtrious meed, too oft profuſely ſtrewn
To deck the precincts of Ambition's throne,
To crown ſome proud Infringer of the laws:
But due to vengeance, due to Britain's cauſe.

Nor, tho' the Muſe forlorn and helpleſs ſtray
O'er thy bare coaſt, nor glean one fragrant bay,

Bleak Caledonia, ſhalt thou paſs unſung,
For Freedom on thy hills her arm new-ſtrung:
When thy firm ſons, who lov'd the public weal,
Or inly burn'd to ſee tyrannic Zeal
Againſt their altars lift an impious hand,
And threat th' accuſtom'd worſhip of the land,
From their huge cliffs deſcending like a flood,
Stood forth, prepar'd to ſeal their faith with blood;
At their approach while perjur'd Holland fled,
Falſe to his Maſter's cauſe, his Maſter's bed;
And Hierarchy, that fiend, whom Scripture paints
Drunk with the blood of Martyrs and of Saints,
Conſign'd by Fate in penal chains to dwell
Slunk unregarded to her native hell.

Curſe on the ſhouts of that licentious Throng,
Whoſe merriment, (more brutal than the ſong
Of mad Agave, when wild Hæmus o'er
Her Pentheus' mangled limbs the mother bore;)

Proclaims the fall of Liberty:—ye ſhades
Of mighty Chiefs from your Elyſian glades
Look down benign, avert the dire preſage,
Nor with two *Charleſes* brand one ſinful age.
O my poor country! what capricious tide
Of Fortune ſwells the Tyrant's motley pride!
Around his brows yon ſervile Prelates twine
The ſtale and blaſted wreath of *Right divine*;
While Harlots, like the Coan Venus fair,
Move their light feet to each laſcivious air.

Hence with your orgies!—righteous Heav'n ordains
A purer worſhip, leſs audacious ſtrains.
When falls by William's ſword (as ſoon it muſt)
This Edifice of bigotry and luſt;
The Muſe ſhall ſtart from her inglorious trance,
And give to Satire's graſp her vengeful lance,
At Truth's hiſtoric ſhrine ſhall victims ſmoke,
And a freſh Stuart bleed at ev'ry ſtroke:

Thine too, perfidious Albemarle, (whoſe ſteel
Drawn to protect embroil'd Britannia's weal
Shrunk from thy coward arm, conſign'd the reins
Of power to Charles, and forg'd a nation's chains)
Compar'd with nobler villanies of old,
High deeds, on plates of adamant enroll'd,
Shall meet the felon's undiſtinguiſhed fate,
Sure of contempt, unworthy of our hate.

Once more emerging from this baleful reign
Of Stuart Kings, and from the Pontiff's chain,
By Boyne's ſwift current Freedom rear'd her head,
When from thoſe banks the Papal Tyrant fled;
Then every vale with Io Pæans rung
As the glad reaper at his harveſt ſung,
Thee, great Naſſau, benevolently brave,
Equally born to conquer, and to ſave,
When Glory's founding trump to Gallia's ſhore
Th' exulting ſhouts of Britiſh Freedom bore,

Diſmay'd

Diſmay'd She ſaw the kindling ardor burn,
And Seine hung trembling o'er her waſted urn.

Warm with the ſame benevolence of mind,
Friends to the native rights of human kind,
Succeeding Kings extend the generous plan,
And Brunſwick perfects, what Naſſau began.
Thrice happy Albion! in whoſe favor'd land
Impartial Juſtice with a ſteady hand
Poiſes the ſcales of empire; where the names
Of ſervile tenure, and the feudal claims
Of Norman Peers in muſty Tomes decay,
Swept by obliterating years away.

But if in Faction's loud and empty Strain
Yon frontleſs rabble vex a gentle reign,
In Peace itſelf ideal dangers find,
Provoke new wars, and challenge half mankind;
What tho' another Tully at their head
From breaſt to breaſt the rank contagion ſpread:

Say

Say what are we? ſome *penſion'd* Patriot's tools,
Meer artleſs, unſuſpecting, Britiſh fools.

Born in a changeful clime, beneath a ſky
Whence ſtorms deſcend, and hovering vapors fly,
Stung with the fever, tortur'd with the ſpleen,
Boiſt'rouſly merry, churliſhly ſerene,
By each vague blaſt dejected or elate,
Dupes in their love, immoderate in their hate,
With ſtrange formality, or beariſh eaſe,
Then moſt diſguſtful, when they ſtrive to pleaſe,
No happy mean the ſons of Albion know,
Their wavering tempers ever ebb and flow,
Rank contraries, in nothing they agree;
Untaught to ſerve, unable to be free.

While parties rage, O Truth, with honeſt zeal
To thee protectreſs of my lays, I kneel;

O deign to ſhew me in their real light
Stript of that glare, which cheats the dazzled ſight
The Chiefs, whoſe blazon'd deeds and ſounding worth
Uſurp a Sphere above the ſons of earth;
Ope dark Futurity's inſtructive womb,
Conduct me to the manſions of the tomb,
Where titles ceaſe, where wordly pomp is o'er,
Mute are the Nine, and Flattery ſooths no more:
So may I take a more impartial view,
Forget the rank, and give the man is due.

Yet what regards it or the world, or me,
How Fame awards her poſthumous decree,
If man unconſcious of her loudeſt breath
Sleep a cold tenant of the vale of death?
Let the delirious Siamois compute
How Sommonokodon his worſhipp'd brute,
Thro' being's long progreſſive ſtages trod,
Began an Ox, and ended in a God.

Our

Our fleeting ſouls let the weak * Samian trace
In birds, in beaſts, and all the finny race;
Theſe baſeleſs ſtructures, fictions light and vain
Coin'd in the foldings of an idle brain
To their abſurd inventors I reſign,
They are not in the Churches creed, or mine.

But ſhall the Peaſant from his turf-bound grave
Or riſe no more, or wake again a Slave?
And ſhall the Monarch in a future ſtate,
With the ſame viſionary pomp elate
Reſume the trappings of his loſt command,
And wield a mimic ſcepter in his hand?

Tho' gloomy Bigots paint a partial God,
Bare his red arm, and lift his ſcorpion rod;
Tho' on a text perverting Zealots dwell,
Till Scripture ſuits the purpoſes of hell;

* Pythagoras.

Think

Think for thyſelf;—ſuppoſe life's voyage o'er;
Think for thyſelf, and envy Kings no more:
Reſign'd, and calm await that awful hour,
That criſis of all ſublunary power,
When wreaths of glory ſhall adorn the Juſt,
And Empire's proud Coloſſus ſink to duſt.

11 : 7 : 19

THE END.

ERRATA.

V. 16. *The note of admiration ſhould be omitted.*
324. For *The Maſters*, read *Their Maſters.*
390. For *They ſmote*, read *She ſmote.*
500. For *is due*, read *his due.*

Think for thyself!—Impede life's voyage not;
Think for thyself, and envy Kings no more:
Religion, and calm wisdom that await
That exile of all fallacy Power,
When wreaths of glory shall adorn the just,
And Empire's proud Colossus sink to dust.